

THE S P E E C H

OF A

F Y F F E L A I R D,

NEWLY COME FROM GRAVE.



What accident, what strange mishap,
Awakes me from my heavenly nap:
What spirit? what God-head by the lave,
Hath rais'd my Body from the Grave?
It is an hundred years almost,
Since I was buried in the dust:
And now I think that I am living,
Or else, but doubt, my brains are raving:
Yet do I feel (while as I study)
The faculties of all my Body:
I taste, I smell, I touch, I hear,
I find my sight exceeding clear:
Then I'm alive, yea sure I am,
I know it by my corporal frame:
But in what part where can I be,
My wavering brains yet tortures me.
Once I was call'd a great Fyff Laird,
I dwelt not far from the Hall-yard.
But who enjoys my Land and Pleugh,
My Castle, and my fine Cole-hengh:
I can find out no living man,
Can tell me this, do what I can:
Yet if my memory serve me well,
This is the Shyre where I did dwell:
This is the part where I was born:
For lo, beneath me stands Kinghorn:
And there about the Lotmond hill,
Stands as it stood yet ever still.
There is Buntland, Aberdore,
I see Fyffs coast along the Shore.
Yet I am right, for my life,
This is my native Countrey Fyff.
O but it's long, and many a year,
Since last my feet did travel here.
I find great change in old Lairds places,
I know the ground, but not the faces.
Where shall I turn me first about,
For my acquaintance is worn out?
O this is strange, that even in Fyff,
I do know neither Man nor Wife;
No Earl, no Lord, no Laird, no People,
But Lelly and the Park-inch steeple.
O noble Wicems, and that is all,
I think enjoys their Fathers hall.
For from Dumfermling to Fyffs-ness,
I do know none that doth possesse
Is Grandyres Castles and his Towers:
It is away that once was ours.
In full of wrath, I scorn to carrie,
Know them no more than the Fairie:
As I admire and marvel strange,
What is the cause of this great change?
I hear a murmuring report,
Passing amongst the common sort:
For some says this, and some says that,
And others tell, I know not what:
Some says the Fyff Lairds ever reles,
Since they began to take the Lells:
That bargain first did betwix their bail,
As tells the honest men of Crail.
Some doth ascribe their supplantation,
Into the Lawyers Congregation.
No, but this is a false suppose,
For all things lyts that well not goes,
So what it will, there is some source
Hath bred this universal curse:
His transmigration and earth-quake,
Hath caus'd the Lairds of Fyff to break.

He that enthrones a shepherdling,
He that dethrones a potent King:
And he that makes a Cotter Laird,
The Barrous Bairns to delve a Pard.
Almighty, he that shakes the Mountains,
And brings great rivers from small fountains
It is the power of his hand,
That makes both Lords & Lairds have land.
Yet there may be, as all men knows,
An evident and well seen cause:
A publick and a common evil,
That made the meekle Master-devil
To cast his Club all Fyff throughout,
And lent each Laird a deadly rout.

Dark then, I'll tell you how it was,
What way this wonder came to pass:
It sets me best the truth to pen,
Because I fear no mortal men.
When I was born a meddle-yerd twicht,
There was no word of Laird or Knight:
The greatest Styles of honour than,
Was to be tituled the Goodman;
But changing time hath chang'd the case,
And puts a Laird in Good-mans place.
For why? my Gossip Good-man John,
And honest James, whom I think on,
When we did meet whiles at the hawking,
Wote us'd no cringes, but hands shaking,
No bowing, shouling, gambe-scraping:
No French whistling, or Dutch gapping:
We had no Garments in our Land,
But were spun by the Good-wives hand;
No Diap-de-berry, cloaths of seal:
No stuffs ingrain'd in Cusheneal:
No Plush, no Cullue, Cramosie:
No China, Turkey, Tossaty:
No proud Piropus, Paragon,
Or Chackerallay, there was none:
No Figurata, or Water-camblet:
No Bishops-satine, or silk Chamblet,
No cloth of Gold, or Beaver-hats,
Wote car'd more for then the Cats:
No windy flowerishing flying Feathers,
No sweet permuffled shambo leathers:
No hilt nor crampet richly hatched:
A lance, a sword in hand we snatched:
Such base and boyish vanities,
Did not becom our dignities:
We were all real and compleat,
Stout for our Friends, on horse or feet,
Came to our Prince to shed our blood,
For Kirk, and for our common good.
Such men we were, it is well known,
As in our Chronicles are shoun.
This made us dwell into our land,
And our Posterity to stand:
But when the young Laird became vain,
And went away to France and Spain,
Rome racking, wandering here and there:
O then began our bootless care.
Pride pufft him up, because he was
Far travell'd, and return'd an Als.
Then must the Laird, the Good-man oy,
Be knighted straight, and make convoy,
Coacht through the street with horses four,
Foot-grooms palmented ore and ore.
Himself cut out and flash so wide,
E'en his whole shirt his skin doth hide.

Golopherd, gratnized, cloaks rear pointed
Embroidered, lac'd, with boots disjointed:
A belt emboss'd with Gold and pucle:
Falle hair made craftily to curle:
Side breeks bebutton'd ore the garters,
Was ne're the like seen in our quarters.
Tobacco and wine Frontinack,
Potato pasties, Spanish sack,
Such uncouth food, such meat and drink,
Could never in our sto-mack sink:
Then must the Granfire swear and swagger,
And show himself the bravest bragger.
A bon-companion and a drinker,
A delicate and dainty ginker.
So is seen on't. These foolish gigs,
Hath caus'd his wotorship sell his rigs.

Sy Lady, as she is a woman,
Is born a helper to undo man.
Her Ladship must have a share,
For she is play-maker and maire;
For she invents a thousand toys,
That house and hold and all destroys.
As scarfs, shephrons, tuffs and rings,
Fairdings, facings, powerings,
Rebats, rebands, bands and ruffs,
Lapbands, shagbands, cuffs and muffs,
Folding outlapes, pearling sprigs,
Atterys, vardigals, periwigs:
Hats, hoods, wyrs and kells,
Dashing-balls, perfuming smels:
French golos cut out and double handed,
Jet rings to make her pleasant handed:
A fan, a feather, bracelets, gloves,
All new-come busks the dearily loves:
For lych trim bony baby clouts,
Still on the Laird she greets and shouts:
Which made the Laird take up more gear,
Then all the Land and Rigs could bear.
These are the Emblems that declares
The Merchants thriftless, needles wares,
The Taylors curious vanity,
My Ladies prodigality.
This is the truth which I discover:
I do not care for feed or favor:
For what I was, yet still I am,
An honest, plain, true dealing man;
And if these words of mine would mend them
I care not by though I offend them:
Here is the cause most plainly shoun,
That hath our Countrey overthrowen.
It's said of old, that others harms,
Is oftentimes the wise mans arms:
And he is thought most wise of all,
That learns good from his neighbors fall.
It grieves my heart to see this age,
I cannot stay to ad more stage:
I will ingrave me in the ground,
And rest there till the trumpet sound:
And if I have said ought astray,
Which may a messons mind dismay,
I do appeal before the throne
Of the great powers, three in one;
The Supream Sovereignty,
The Parliament of verity.
And if you think my Speech offends,
Ye must be there, I's make amends.
J I R I S.

Mercurius Scorus Hybernicus. P. P.